
BRIEF SKETCH
OF
COMMODORE SAMUEL TUCKER.

DESCRIPTION
OF THE
NEW MASONIC TEMPLE,
BOSTON.



Samuel Tucker ~

A

BRIEF SKETCH

OF

COMMODORE SAMUEL TUCKER.

BY

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COMMODORE SAMUEL TUCKER.

SAMUEL TUCKER was born in Marblehead, Mass., Nov. 1, 1747, as appears on a leaf in the old family bible, and was christened in the First Church of Christ in Marblehead, Nov. 8th, of the same year, according to the record of said church. He was the third child of Andrew and Mary Tucker, who had eight children, viz.: Andrew, Mary, Samuel, William, Nathaniel and Elizabeth, twins, and Sarah.

Andrew Tucker, his father, according to tradition, was one of three brothers, who emigrated together from Dundee, Scotland, when young men, one of whom settled in South Carolina, one in Virginia, and one, Andrew, in Marblehead; but this tradition is probably incorrect, as there was an Andrew Tucker at Marblehead as early as 1663. His mother's maiden name was Mary Belcher,—an English lady, handsome, fashionable and of a refined education. She was fond of social life. Her figure was tall and majestic, and from her style of dress, stately appearance, and winning manners, she was called "The Lady Mary." This maternal gaiety descended to Samuel, as a precious heirloom, which he cherished during a long life.

His father followed the sea; was a skilful shipmaster, and much respected. Before the revolution, he was in affluent circumstances and lived in style. The house which he built more than a hundred years ago, on Rowland Hill, near the bay in Marblehead, is still standing, changed from a gable roof to the modern fashion. He is said to have laid out much cost on this building, and decorated his rooms with rich paper-hangings imported from France.

Here the writer saw some fragments of this paper, thick as cloth and figured with vermilion and black stripes. This house must have been stylish in its day, and is still a substantial and convenient tenement.

Of the boyhood and education of Samuel, we only know that at an early period he was sent to school, and was well grounded in reading, writing and arithmetic. His father seeing that he was a bright boy and apt to learn, wished to send him to college, but the youth had no taste for the groves of the academy: his element was the sea, and to so great a degree was his soul kindled by the songs and stories of the Marblehead mariners, who seemed like descendants of the ancient sea-kings, that at eleven years of age he ran away and embarked on board of the *Royal George*, an English sloop-of-war, which was bound on a cruise to Louisbourg. He was afterward apprenticed to the captain by his forgiving and prudent father. It was there he acquired much nautical knowledge, and became acquainted with British signals,—a source of great value to him in his future career.

At seventeen, he enlisted as second mate on board of a vessel from Salem, of which his brother was first mate. When she was within a few hours' sail of Lisbon, she was pursued by two Algerine corsairs. The captain was frightened, as he gazed at them from the companion way; and to quiet his fears he retreated to his bottle, and hid himself in the cabin. Samuel's brother was at the helm, and becoming also alarmed, gave it up to our young hero, who, as night was approaching, boldly sailed toward the pirates, as in token of surrendering. Darkness came on, he put out the lights, crowded sail, and in the morning arrived safely in Lisbon. The base captain, ashamed of his cowardice, put Samuel out of sight on board an English frigate; but the story of this daring escape, it is said, got wind, and Samuel was then promoted to the berth of midshipman. How long he continued in this frigate, is unknown,—probably for a short period; for he was afterward mate of a vessel in the merchant service, and subsequently master of a ship.

He was married Dec. 21, 1768, soon after he became of age. His wife was Mary, daughter of Samuel and Ann Gatchell, of Marblehead. Mr. Gatchell was deacon of the Congregational Church of that place,—a worthy and estimable man. On his marriage, Capt. Tucker took part of his father-in-law's house, which was a double one, and afterward moved to his father's on Rowland Hill, in order to take care of him, now old and a victim of disease. The latter who had been unfortunate, and was now reduced in

property, must have died during the war with England, as the son refers in a future letter to taking care of his mother, "who had no other to look up to for either succor or aid in the least, during more than thirty years." This venerable widow died in Bristol, Maine, at her son's house, in 1808, over ninety-one years old,—an example of maternal love and filial affection ever sacred and ever honorable. She is said to have been a woman of strong and superior mind.

In 1774, he commanded the brig *Young Phenix*, on a voyage to Bilbao, Spain, where amidst breakers and great peril he saved the vessel. But we must pass over his voyages and accompany him to London when the revolutionary war was breaking out. He was there urged by a recruiter to enlist as an officer in the king's service, and in his haste he cursed "his most gracious majesty." This hard-shelled patriotism exposed him to trouble and danger of imprisonment, and he was obliged to leave London secretly, and making his escape by the aid of friends, he obtained a passage in a ship belonging to the celebrated financier and patriot, Robert Morris, of Philadelphia. On the voyage a furious storm arose, and the preservation of the ship was due to the skill and coolness of Capt. Tucker. This incident made Mr. Morris an efficient and permanent friend, who was instrumental in procuring the notice and patronage of Gen. Washington for the brave seaman. From his tent at Cambridge the General sent him a commission as captain of the armed schooner *Franklyn*. It was dated Jan. 20, 1776. This was one of the earliest commissions issued by the commander-in-chief on the formation of an infant navy. Capt. Tucker was then at home in Marblehead, and his interview with the officer who announced to him the honor, has come down to us as a tradition, well authenticated and full of humor. His armed vessel lay at Beverly, and the next day Tucker was on board of her and scouring the seas.

He made several cruises in the *Franklyn*, and was so successful in taking prizes as to receive the thanks of Gen. Washington. His patriotic wife made the banner under which he fought: the field of which was white, with the figure of a pine tree in green. He captured the ship *George*, laden with troops and munitions of war. In the spring of 1776 he was transferred to the command of the armed schooner *Hancock*, in which he also made many captures. There is an interesting account of one capture in the summer of that year, which occurred in the vicinity of Marblehead, when his wife and sister stood on the top of a lofty hill in that place and

saw through a glass the smoky encounter, heard the roar of the artillery and witnessed the arrival of the prize in the harbor. The captures in 1776 were very numerous and annoying to the enemy. An English work, the "Remembrancer," speaks of 312 vessels captured; of this vast number, Capt. Tucker took very many. In his life-time he had a complete list of them, but it was lent and lost.

Such were his services and success that, on the 15th day of March, 1777, he was appointed by congress commander of the frigate Boston, by a commission, bearing the signature of John Hancock, president. In this ship he took several prizes. On one occasion the encounter was very bloody; for he boarded the enemy and lost the brave Magee, his lieutenant, who headed the marines and fell a sacrifice. Having a presentiment of his fate, this intrepid officer handed to Capt. Tucker, just before the attack, a ring, watch and miniature to be sent, if he were slain, to his only sister.

Command of the frigates and armed vessels was frequently changed; but on the 27th of December, 1777, Capt. Tucker again was appointed master of the frigate Boston; and, Feb. 10, 1778, he was ordered to convey the Hon. John Adams as envoy to France. He was authorized to fit her out for this purpose at his own discretion; and consequently he supplied her with additional spars and canvass, which it was said, were of peculiar and original construction, having reference to swift sailing. As the object of Mr. Adams's mission was important, it was so well known to the enemy that a British seventy-four and two frigates at Newport had been watching the motions of the Boston and the time of her departure. To escape a force so formidable and avoid the numerous men-of-war which infested the track across the Atlantic to France, Capt. Tucker had been selected to the command on account of his nautical skill and well-known intrepidity. So great was the confidence of Mr. Adams in this naval officer, that he committed not only himself, but his young son, the since celebrated John Quincy Adams, then eleven years old, to his charge.

On the 17th of February, 1778, at seven o'clock in the afternoon, Capt. Tucker weighed anchor at Nantasket Roads, and went to sea with colors flying, firing a salute of seven guns on the occasion.

The log-book of this momentous voyage is preserved, and has furnished material for an accurate account of this era of his life. It begins with these words in his own handwriting: "Pray God, conduct me safe to France and send me a prosperous cruise." It was a sweet memorial of the care

and influence of a pious mother, who thirty years before had offered, in baptism, her infant Samuel to the protection and guidance of the Almighty.

On the 19th of February, at 6 P.M., he saw in the east three large ships of the enemy and hauled his wind to the south. He then, on consultation with Mr. Adams and his officers, wore ship and run an hour to the northward, and saw two of these ships under his lee with short sail,—one ship of 20 guns, the other as large as his own; the third was far off. Immediately the man at mast-head cried out that there was a ship on the weather quarter. Though continually exposed to these frigates, he avoided them by frequent changes of his course,—sometimes approaching them, and sometimes distancing them, till they were diminished to the view as a mere speck. Thus he made his escape, till a furious storm arose, which drove them out of sight, and left him to fight a terrible battle with the winds and waves. The storm was gathering at 10 P.M., on the 21st, and at twelve midnight, it blew a tempest. The thunder drowned the roaring of the waves. The lightning struck the mainmast and topmast, wounding three men, and knocking down several others. Capt. Tucker remarks in his journal: “We were in great danger, the sea very cross and high.” Heavy rains came on, and they were obliged to scud before the wind. They were in north latitude $38^{\circ} 33'$, and longitude, west, $60^{\circ} 30'$. The scene on board the ship at this time must have been terrific. In the noon of night, in the “dead of darkness,”—to borrow a similitude from the awful imagery of Prospero in the *Tempest*,—the rattling of ropes and crackling of timbers and spars; the dread roar of the angry winds; the gleaming sheets of fire, at times flashing over the sea and sky; the sight of three wounded sailors and the fall of others by a stroke of lightning; the tall masts trembling beneath the blast; and, add to all this, the dismal echo from the pumps that there was water in the hold: these were enough to appal the boldest veteran that ever faced the cannon’s mouth in battle. Well might the captain in his distress, alarmed for his anxious passengers and crew,—while before him and around him a terrible storm of rain, thunder and lightning threatened every moment to sink him and them,—well might he, in such a mass of sorrows, pour forth that short and simple prayer from his heart, which stands recorded in his journal of that day: “Pray God protect us and carry us through our various troubles.” Gladly must every serious mind contemplate such a precious example of faith, uttered by one of the noblest seamen of the revolution. What must have been the sufferings of that man at that dark hour, when he thought of

home, of his family, and of his bleeding country struggling with the mightiest nation on the globe, and then beheld the grand mission on the very verge of destruction! for it seemed as though the artillery of heaven was pointed against him.

Yet, when we gaze in imagination at this awful picture, and summon up the scene to our view through a vista of nearly a hundred years, as we sit by our cheerful firesides in this happy land, there seems to be a moral grandeur and sublimity in this event. We see the dark outline of his stalwart form on the deck of the frigate,—at spells illuminated by a blaze of lightning,—erect and commanding, and hear him issuing his orders to the intrepid seamen with a voice rising above the tempest. He alone is calm and collected, like Æneas of old,

Curisque ingentibus æger,

concealing his deep anxieties, peering through the black clouds for one ray of light, and cheering his brave companions with hope of weathering the storm; while near him stands the sturdy patriot of Braintree, ready to cry aloud: "This is the HAND OF GOD, stretched out to shield us from the enemy."

We could never look on the face of one of those heroic men, who fought in the armies of the revolution, or gained renown in the navy, without sensibility. The warm emanations of gratitude were excited. In these survivors of '76 we saw the vestiges of a race of patriots in whose hearts the vestal fire of freedom burned with an undying flame. They belonged to an immortal band,—a Theban phalanx,—which Providence had raised up to lay the foundation of a republic, which now stretches across a vast continent.

The storm and boisterous weather held on for several days, and a squall on the 24th of February carried the main-top-mast over. "Thanks to God," wrote Tucker, "no man was lost or wounded." After twenty-two days of exposure to such tempestuous weather, and, with skilful manœuvring to avoid the prowling enemy, they reached lat. 44°, and long. 16° west, and on the 11th of March, they saw a distant ship on the south east, standing west, and soon discovered she was armed. Capt. Tucker, having consulted with Mr. Adams, who favored his views, immediately shook out a reef in his topsail and gave chase.

"What should you do," said Mr. Adams to him one day, when three ships

were pursuing him, "if you could not escape and they should all attack you?" He replied: "As the first would be far in advance of the others, I would carry her by boarding, and would myself head the boarders. I should take her, for no doubt a majority of her crew, being pressed men, would turn and join me. Having taken her, I should be matched, and could fight the other two."

A gentleman related these facts to the writer, as he heard them directly from Mr. Adams himself a few months before his decease. The venerable patriot was at the time in his mansion in Quincy, sitting by the fireside. Something appertaining to the bravery of Com. Tucker, coming up in their conversation, drew out several anecdotes of the naval hero. Mr. Adams described the voyage to France; the escape of the Boston from three English privateers; the terrible storm, and the particulars of the capture. As soon as they perceived she was an armed vessel, Capt. Tucker, after consultation, prepared for action and boldly sailed up to her. The drum beat to arms, and in the mean time Mr. Adams seized a musket and joined the marines, standing by a gun ready for battle. The captain stepped up to him, put his hand on his shoulder, and in a voice of authority said: "Mr. Adams, I am commanded by the continental congress to deliver you safe in France, and you must go down below, Sir." Mr. Adams smiled, and went down into the cabin. Tucker, by this time, had contrived to get his frigate into the position he wished. His guns were all shotted; each man was at his post, the match-stocks smoking; and yet he hesitated to give order to fire. At this delay his men grew impatient, and seeing so fine a chance to strike a decisive blow, they began to murmur bitterly, when he cried out in these memorable words: "Hold on, my men. I wish to save that egg without breaking the shell." Nor were they compelled to hold on long; for the enemy seeing at once the advantage he had gained, and that his own chance of conquest or escape was desperate, immediately struck his colors.

The authenticity of this account of the capture of the Martha is unquestionable, though it may differ in some particulars from that of some others which have been published. The narrative of the conversation with Mr. Adams, did not refer to a broadside fired by the Martha; but Capt. Tucker in his lifetime remarked that she had fired three guns. One statement of this capture appeared in print, wherein it was said that the enemy discharged a broadside as the Boston approached, and shivered off a piece of the mizen

yard, which in falling, struck Capt. Tucker on the head, and knocked him down; but that he quickly recovered from the stunning blow and resumed his command. This is in part confirmed by a letter he wrote to the navy committee of the eastern department, dated March 11, 1778; and he there states that the enemy, discovering that he hoisted his colors, "bore away, firing a broadside, which carried away my mizen-yard and did no other damage." And further, the captain of the *Martha* said: "he did not think himself able to get his colors down soon enough;" for, says Capt. Tucker, "he was horribly scared." The prize ship, Capt. McIntosh, bound from London to New-York, with a valuable cargo, was sent to Boston under two officers, Mr. Barron and Mr. Reed; but was recaptured by the enemy.

On the 17th of May, he weighed anchor, saluting the Castle of Bordeaux as he passed. He joined a fleet of Frenchmen, in company with the celebrated Paul Jones, who was then cruising with a brig of 10 guns. During June, he cruised among the beautiful islands in the Bay of Biscay, captured the *John* and *Rebecca*, a Scotch brig, the brig *Britannia*, the *Elizabeth* and others. With the ship of war *Ranger*, Capt. Simpson, he united with the *Providence* under Com. Whipple. In September, this squadron began to sail homeward, took several prizes on their cruise, and Oct. 15, all three arrived safe in Portsmouth.

There is an anecdote in the correspondence of John Adams (vol. x, pp. 26-27), where Mr. Adams speaks of the remarks of Capt. McIntosh, commander of the prize ship *Martha*, while he was a prisoner. The captain was curious to examine the frigate, and Tucker allowed him to see every part of her. He frequently expressed to Mr. Adams his astonishment; he had never seen a completer ship. "However," he added, "you are a rising country of the world, and if you send to sea such ships as this, you will be able to do great things."

Judge Sprague, late justice of the district court of the United States, in a splendid eulogy, at Hallowell, Me., on Adams and Jefferson, July 26, 1826, says: "The public ship, on board which he embarked, was commanded by the gallant Commodore Tucker, now living and a citizen of this state, who took more guns from the enemy, during the revolutionary war, than any other naval commander, and who has been far less known and rewarded than his merits deserve."

In 1779, he joined the Masonic Fraternity. During that summer, the *Deane*, Capt. Nicholson, and the *Boston*, Capt. Tucker, went to sea in com-

pany. They took many prizes, and returned Sept. 18, after a successful cruise. There is a letter among his papers, from John Paige, Esq., late of Thomaston, Maine, referring to one terrific fight in which Tucker captured an armed vessel. The scene of the conflict was appalling. It was in the dead of night. The dashing of the waves, the gleaming and thunder of the artillery, and the uncertainty and horror of an engagement between two hostile war ships in darkness or only the glimmering of star-light, were enough to make the stoutest heart tremble. That he did fight such a battle, there can be no doubt; but neither the time, the name of the ship he commanded, nor the name of the prize, can now be summoned from oblivion in the silent grave where he lies, by any spirit or table-mover.

The various prizes he took, excited much admiration in the papers of the day. The Sandwich packet,—the privateer *Glencain* 20 and *Thorn* 18 guns,—were among his valuable captures.

After his return from this cruise, the Boston frigate, Capt. Tucker, and *Confederacy*, 32 guns, Capt. Harding, were sent out to intercept the British cruisers and convoy the *Eustatia* fleet of merchantmen, with supplies of clothing from Holland to the American army; and notwithstanding the frigates of the enemy hovered about the fleet like eagles after their prey, he conducted them unharmed to Philadelphia.

It was on this cruise of June, 1779, that he acquired the title of commodore. He was directed to proceed, in company with the *Deane*, Capt. Nicholson, who being a junior captain, Tucker took by usage and custom the command with that title.

Our space will not allow a description of the battles he fought in taking some of his prizes. But, one was so remarkable it deserves a brief notice in this sketch. On his cruise with Capt. Nicholson, the report of his bravery had reached New-York, and excited much talk among the officers of the British navy who were there. They fitted out a frigate to take him. The news reached Tucker; and in a few days he saw the English ship of war in the distance and knew her well. He then hoisted English colors, and as the two vessels approached each other within hailing distance, the British captain hailed him with "What ship is that?" "Capt. Gordon's," said the Commodore; for Capt. Gordon commanded an English ship, modelled and built much like the *Boston*, and had taken many prizes. "Where are you from?" "From New York," said Tucker. "When did you leave?" "About four days ago." "I am after the Boston frigate, to take that rebel

"Tucker, and am bound to carry him dead or alive to New York," said the captain; "have you seen him?" Tucker rejoined, "Well, I have heard of him: they say he is a bad customer."

In the meantime, Com. Tucker was manœuvring to bring his ship into a raking position, so as to sweep the decks of the English frigate. He had every man at his post, his guns shotted, his gunners stationed with lighted matches in their hands, and all waiting orders of the commander. There was a man in the maintop of the enemy's frigate, who had formerly known the Commodore, and he cried out to his captain, "That is surely Tucker; we shall have a hell-smell directly."

Tucker, having got his ship in a raking position, ordered the American flag to be hoisted; and then said in a voice of thunder to the British captain, "The time I proposed talking with you has ended. This is the Boston frigate,—I am Samuel Tucker, but no rebel. Either fire or strike your flag." Seeing the advantage his adversary had, he struck his flag. Not a gun was fired. Ex-Pres. John Adams, June 13, 1779, says: "Tucker has sent in a twenty-four gun ship this afternoon, which did not fire a shot at him before striking. It is at the Capes, with the Confederacy, one of the finest in any service, as it is said by foreigners." It was the frigate *Pool*. Among the papers of the deceased there is an enumeration of his captures of the *Boyd*, *Pool*, *Patsey*, *Tryall*, *Flying Fish*, *Adventure* and *Thorn*, most of them armed, the last a privateer.

In September, 1779, Com. Tucker was ordered to the defence of Charleston, S. C. The squadron consisted of the *Providence*, Com. Whipple; the *Boston*, Capt. Tucker; the *Queen of France*, Capt. Rathbone; and the *Ranger*, Capt. Simpson. They arrived there shortly before Christmas. On the invasion by Sir Henry Clinton at the head of a large body of troops, and a powerful fleet under Admiral Arbuthnot, the city was compelled to surrender, after a siege of thirty days, to an overwhelming force; but the little squadron, before it fell into the hands of the enemy, formed a retreat up the river, and did essential service; for no small part of the heavy guns, which bristled on the ramparts, was supplied from Com. Whipple's squadron, manned by his marines and directed by his officers. This fact is unnoticed by Mr. Simms in his history of South Carolina, and seems to have escaped the notice of Mr. Lossing in his *Pictorial Field Book*, so deservedly a favorite of the public.

When a special order came from the Admiral to the commander of the

Boston frigate to strike his flag, Tucker replied, "I do not think much of striking my flag to your present force; for I have struck more of your flags than are now flying in this harbor."

The 26th of June, 1780, he arrived in Boston on parole; but he was soon exchanged for Capt. William Wardlaw, whose sloop-of-war, *Thorn*, he had captured a year ago. He asked the command of her from the Navy Board, and it was granted him. In 1780 and '81 he made a number of cruises in her, and captured a great many prizes. Among his men was Josiah Everett, who had served on *Dorchester Heights*, was in the battle of *Saratoga*, and died in *New-Portland, Me.*, some years ago. Shortly before his death he gave a glowing detail of a sanguinary battle between the *Thorn* and the *Lord Hyde*. The description is in the *Life of Com. Tucker*. So terrible was the conflict, that Tucker, tho' victorious, looking round on the dead and wounded, and on the clots of blood on the deck, cried out, "Would to God I had never seen her!" There was also a severe battle with the *Elizabeth*, a 20 gun ship, in which the English captain, Timothy Pine, was mortally wounded.

Prosperity, however, will not last forever. His little, triumphant *Thorn*,—indeed, for a time, a thorn to the British lion, like the sword-fish to the whale,—was at last captured near the mouth of the *St. Lawrence* by the British frigate, *Hind*, and the prisoners were landed on the island of *St. John's*; from whence, with Dr. Ramsay and a few others, Com. Tucker made his escape in an open boat, crossed the bay of Massachusetts, and arrived in Boston in the middle of August, 1781. There was some complaint afterward about his breaking his parole, which was subsequently healed. Peace followed within a year and a half, during which time, though in the public service and liable at all times to do duty, it does not appear that he was ordered to the command of any ship of war.

In the beginning of 1780 he had removed his family to Boston, where he purchased a brick three-story house with a cupola and front yard in Fleet street,—then the fashionable and court-end of the town,—on the southern side near Hanover street. Numerous prizes had made him rich. Not far from the west side, stood the large and spacious domicile of Gov. Hutchinson, with a garden full of fruit trees. His widowed daughter, Mrs. Hinds, the mother of Col. Hinds, of *Bremen, Me.*, resided with him, and the Colonel often heard his mother remark that sitting on the Sabbath, at the open window, on the western side, she frequently listened to the preaching of the

Rev. John Murray, in his church in Hanover street, as there was no building then on the corner to intercept the voice. On the other side of Fleet street, opposite his house, there was a large mansion, where several naval officers had their lodgings. All these buildings have vanished under the march of improvement.

As he was deemed a man of wealth, he associated with the first society of Boston; for riches, then as now, always opened the doors of hospitality in this place. He was polite, genial and popular, and indeed too generous for his own good. His personal appearance in the mid-day of life was striking,—of more than average height, bright complexion, fine features, and with deep blue eyes, which, when animated, seemed to grow dark and piercing. He was stout, with a very broad chest, and usually wore the brilliant dress of a naval commander,—a blue coat with lapelles, scarlet vest and dark-blue small-clothes: as one of his old friends described his costume to the writer, and as agreeing with the account by Mrs. Elizabeth Perkins, who died in Boston in 1853, aged 99,—a niece of the eminent Samuel Adams. She remarked to the writer, “The Commodore kept open doors, was hospitable and fond of company and of gladsome spirits.” She said, “he was a goodly man to look upon, so handsome, so animated,—I often danced with him in the minuet, and we girls were after him as a partner, his foot was so light on the floor. Commodore Tucker was truly a noble man.”

From his expensive habits of living, and reckless loans in lending without security, he soon wasted his fortune and was reduced to narrow circumstances. In August, 1786, he left Boston and returned to Marblehead, where he purchased two-thirds of the Gatchell Mills and grainery, situated near the confines of Salem. But it was in vain our hero tried to support a family accustomed to style and extravagance by grinding of corn. He probably thought this was only a temporary resource: for hearing that some revenue cutters were to be built by the government, he applied to Mr. Alexander Hamilton, secretary of the treasury, for the command of one. The reply to his petition for this humble office was, in the words of Hamilton, “*it is too late*!” others had secured the prize. He had repeatedly petitioned congress for payment of his arrears in the naval service, and he was unsuccessful; because,—can posterity believe that an omnipotent legislature could resort to such an infamous defence?—because *his claims were outlawed! It was too late!*

Disappointed, mortified, unfortunate, and now poor, with his wife and

venerable mother and children, he sold his grist-mill, and emigrated to Maine, where he settled down on a wild, rough farm in a small, old house at Bristol (now Bremen), near Muscongus harbor, and within sight of the blue mountains of Camden, there to labor with his hands, and pass through deprivations for thirty years. There he lived, industrious and respected. Year after year he was chosen a selectman, four times sent to the Massachusetts general court, and after Maine became a state, twice to her legislature.

In his official visit to Boston in 1816, as a representative, many old acquaintances called upon the noble veteran. His kind and illustrious friend Ex-Pres. Adams received him at his mansion in Quincy with much cordiality.

His numerous applications to congress, either to pay the arrears justly due him, or allow him a pension, is a history of injustice and of the proverbial ingratitude of republics. Seven times, at different sessions of congress, were his petitions for relief presented by influential members, viz.: in 1790, 1800, 1806, 1812, 1816, and 1820,—and in 1821, when Hon. Mr. Walker, of Georgia, offered in his favor a most able report in the senate, stating that justice and gratitude unite “in his call upon government.” On which the senate passed a bill for his half-pay as captain; but the house of representatives rejected it by a majority of one. In June, 1832, a general act was passed, and a pension of \$600 a year was settled on him.

On the 29th of December, 1820, the electoral college appointed him, being one of their number, a special messenger to carry on to Washington the votes for president and vice-president.

When he first appeared in the house of representatives among the strangers who stood outside the bar, his commanding figure, naval dress and silvery locks excited much attention. It was soon whispered about, that Com. Tucker, one of the very few surviving naval officers of the revolution, was there; and all eyes were fixed upon him. Was it not a moment, even to the great men in the congress, of sublime recollections of American history? And did not his position at that time remind them of a more exalted personage before the queen and nobles of Carthage, as he stood alone in his glory?

“*Restitit Æneas, claque, in luce refulsit.*”

There were many in that august assembly, fifty years ago, who had heard of the man, his bravery, his nautical skill, his battles and success on the

ocean, while his deeds were yet fresh in the minds of the older members. It was quickly reported in the capitol that there was one among them, who had taken from the enemy sixty-two sail of vessels, more than 600 pieces of cannon, and 3000 prisoners in the revolutionary war. Let not the writer of this sketch be thought to exaggerate. Such was the averment in the *National Intelligencer* of Dec. 16, 1820. The Hon. Mark L. Hill was about to move that Com. Tucker be admitted on the floor, when, upon examination, it was found that soon after the revolutionary war, congress had passed an unanimous vote of thanks to him for services rendered and according to usage he was admitted.

In this brief account, many exciting events and particulars of his sea-fights have been reluctantly passed over, for they form part and parcel of his life on the ocean. Nor is there space more than to allude to the important lead he took in favor of law and order, when Maine was on the verge of a civil war between tenants and proprietors, in what was called the "Squatter Insurrection." It was terminated in the wisdom of the legislature by buying the rights of the proprietors and quieting the tenants by a satisfactory and equitable provision.

And we can but touch on the last naval exploit of the venerable Commodore in the war of 1812 with England. With forty-four daring young men, who had armed a wood coaster, he captured a British armed vessel, and brought her safely to port. But, is there not a record of this in his Life, before alluded to? Such was our noble patriot, to whom Mr. Hamilton wrote, that it was too late to give him the command of a revenue cutter; but this meritorious officer, even in his old age, proved that it was *never too late to defend his country!*

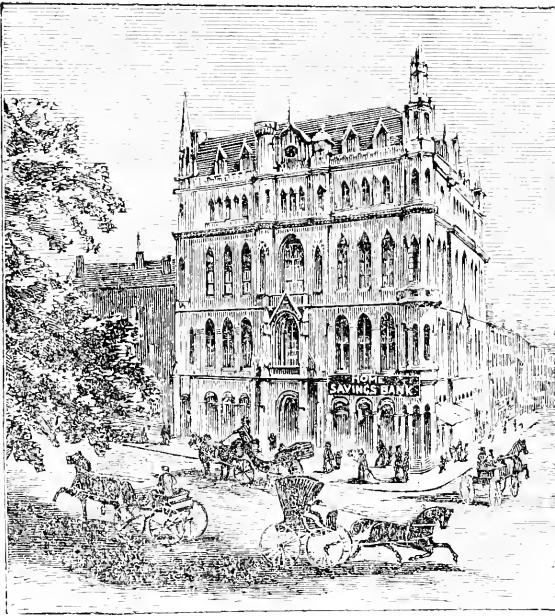
After his pension as captain was granted, the aged veteran lived not many months. It should be remarked that he had received a small pension under the pension law of 1816, and in 1820 he built a house where his old one stood, more convenient and suitable to his rank. But his last relief came too late. He had become an old man. His beloved wife, who had shared with him the weal and the woe of fortune for sixty-three years, had gone to her rest. She was a talented, brave, and noble woman. Such a just provision for his comfort and delightful feeling of independence, had it been made earlier in his life, when she was with him, would have been a real boon and a blessing, especially when he mused on his rugged acres and reflected that his cattle must be housed seven months of the year in that Siberian climate.

And here it may be well to remark, that after 1816 the pensions of the revolutionary soldiers added greatly to the length of their days, whenever they were not shortened by accident or intemperance. This fact stands out upon their graves in bold relief. The cause of such longevity may be ascribed to the comfort and well-being of the mind, even where a small annuity dispels the anxiety of to-morrow's sustenance and keeps the wolf from the door. For nothing corrodes an honorable man like penury. It deprives him of his freedom; he is a slave and a fugitive from happiness; all hope is gone,—hope, the spirit of the soul; he feels a chill on the life-blood of his heart, and he dies because he has no motive to live. So justly did the celebrated Junius once remark to a young man: "Let all your views in life be directed to a solid, however moderate independence. Without it no man can be happy or even honest." But to conclude.

He died in Bremen, after a short, but sharp sickness, under the watchful care of his widowed daughter, Mrs. Hinds, and her son Col. Samuel Tucker Hinds, March 10, 1833, aged 85 years and four months. He saw death,—the greatest of mysteries,—coming toward him like a spectre at whose approach almost all men tremble; and he looked him in the face with an eye undimmed by age and unblanched by fear, as he had often done when death hovered over him in the day of battle. A few hours before his departure, he said to his friend Denny McCobb, Esq., then collector of the port of Waldoborough, who stood in tears at his bed-side:—"Well, general, I am about to pass away to that world, from which no traveller has returned. You are soon to follow me. I hope and trust, we shall meet there, where no pain nor sorrow will disturb us, and be happy in the smiles and favor of heaven. My trust is in Christ. Farewell." Gently and calmly he then breathed his last.

The obsequies of this eminent naval officer were performed in a manner honorable to his character and evincing the love and respect of his neighbors. Though it was a bleak and stormy day, and the travelling exceedingly dreary and uncomfortable, hundreds came from a distance to attend his funeral and follow his remains to the grave in the Bremen cemetery, where they rest by the side of his wife. Only a simple slate-stone tells where he lies; no marble nor monument honors the memory of this pioneer of the American navy.

THE NEW MASONIC TEMPLE.



AMONG the costly edifices which adorn the city of Boston is the NEW MASONIC TEMPLE, situated on Tremont & Boylston streets. This magnificent structure was erected by the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts, on the site of the FREEMASON'S HALL, destroyed by fire in 1861, and was

dedicated June 24, 1867, under Chas. C. Dame, Esq., Grand Master, in presence of Andrew Johnson, president of the United States, the members of his cabinet, and a large assemblage of the fraternity. So rapidly and yet thoroughly was the new temple wrought, that it seemed like the fabled Phoenix to rise from its ashes.

The first object which strikes the mind of the spectator is the splendid location and the surroundings of this fine edifice. Standing at a corner of a

capacious sidewalk, where two wide and leading streets intersect each other, facing our beautiful Common, and upon a central spot of the business and travel of the public, this structure amidst the modern buildings around looms up in the architecture of a distant age.

The front on Tremont street is about 90 feet in width and 80 in height to the coping beneath the roof. The style is Gothic of the 14th and 15th centuries, modified in the ground story for commercial purposes. It is four stories to the Mansard roof which makes a fifth; and is divided into three sections: the central division is 25 feet wide, projecting a foot from the main body, the other two 33 feet.

In the projection is a porch with a lofty entrance, over which are two large windows: the first a canopied window with a sharp gable opening on a balcony, and in the third story, an arched one. The sides are supported by massive and flying buttresses, reaching to the third story, between which on each side of the door, there is a niche filled by a symbolic pillar of Winooski marble, with sculptured emblems on the capital which is surmounted by a globe. The entrance is under a grand archway, and the vestibule with a marble flooring is tastefully finished, with a panelled and arched ceiling; and through this a wide flight of stairs leads to the second story.

The window over the door in the third story is embellished with the Cross of Malta, having on each side one narrow and pointed. Rising on the left of the turret above the parapet stands a round tower, 7 feet in diameter, and 16 in height, designating the flag or watch tower of a castle in the feudal times; and on the right side there is a smaller square tower to preserve uniformity. Between these a gable extends from each tower, containing within it a rose window, terminating in a pinnacle. From the grand arch door between the buttresses to the gable tower and pinnacle, a gracefulness and grandeur of expression set off the façade in a striking manner.

At the extreme of the left division, a slender round tower, on account of symmetry, ascends to 15 or 16 feet above the coping; and at the base of the column on which it rests appears the Gate of the Temple.

At the southern corner of the right hand division, a lofty turret springs from five arches upon six round pillars of an octagon, 9 feet in diameter on the ground floor, with buttresses at the angles. This majestic turret contains a balcony with windows from the coping to the top of the roof; then a smaller one above; and from thence, gradually narrowing, tapers to

a point 30 or 40 feet from the 4th story. At the base there is a door of the octagon, and also balconies with pointed windows in 2d and 3d story. The elevation of this turret so high above the whole building, with its arches, gables, finials, and niches for future statues, and adorned with rich tracery, makes it a prominent feature, unique and pleasing to the eye.

The first story contains four large arched windows and doors on each side of the entrance; that on the right opening on the Home Savings Bank. The 2d and 3d have six large pointed windows, and the fourth story twelve of narrower size; the roof has also four small pointed windows.

The façade on Boylston street is about 100 feet in length, and with the windows and decorations well comports with the front. A small projection 40 feet in width is walled up to the second story, having near the top of it four small semi-circular windows. In the third story there is one large window flanked with arched panels. The parapet is surmounted by pinnacles, and at the south-east corner a turret rises from the coping. Left of the middle section in the front story there are three large windows, and to the right of the section a door and two windows; and all those in the other stories harmonize in their construction with the front of the building.

The whole exterior exhibits a rich and picturesque model of mediæval architecture, graceful in its proportions and highly ornamented; yet it is unavoidably subjected to some deviations in the ground story, and especially by the introduction of changes and emblems peculiarly adapted to an ancient institution. Modern architecture requires many such innovations from the simple and wonderful beauty of the pure orders of antiquity; yet this simplicity should never be lost. "*Denique sit, quid vis, simplex duntaxat et unum.*" Neither the Parthenon on the Acropolis of Athens, nor the Temple of Jupiter or Theseus, if they could rise from their ruins, could accommodate an assembly of christian worshippers; and therefore originated the Gothic style; such as the stately Trinity Church in Summer street. Yet there are some exceptions; St. Paul's Church, on Tremont street, is a beautiful specimen of the Ionic order.

The above is but a brief and meagre account. For a minute and elegant description of this building, with its gables, pinnacles, arches, finials, spandrels and tracery, the reader is referred to the "Dedication Memorial of the New Masonic Temple in Boston, by William B. Stratton," and to

Moore's Freemason's Magazine, to which this brief outline owes many obligations.

The material of the exterior is white granite from Concord, N. H., which, to a stranger standing a few rods off on the Common, presents the illusion of white marble. We now proceed to the interior.

Landing on the wide corridor of the second story, you find on the left side the apartments of the Grand Master and Grand Secretary, which are frescoed, tinted and handsomely fitted up with furniture of black walnut and carpets. The secretary's room is capacious, in view of the Common, and supplied with two large and lofty book cases with glass doors, which, since the loss of the old library by fire, have been replenished by the aid of the brethren, and the indefatigable researches and liberality of Dr. Winslow Lewis, P. G. Master. He has already collected and catalogued five hundred volumes of rare and precious masonic works. On the same side are the coat-room and ante-room.

On the right side of the corridor is the reception-room, facing Tremont street, with two small rooms adjacent. East of them is the Corinthian Hall, where the Grand Lodge holds its communications and the blue lodges confer their degrees. This splendid apartment is worthy of Solomon in all his glory. It is 40 feet by 70, and 22 feet in height, adorned with columns, pedestals, modillion cornices and coved ceiling, on which is portrayed a superb pictorial centre piece, emblematical of the genius of Masonry, designed by Charles W. Moore, P. G. S., to whose taste the ornamentation of the building is much indebted. The hall is lighted by two massive chandeliers, and the furniture is of black walnut with chairs in green plush and costly Wilton carpets. A gorgeous altar, ornamented with sculptured devices of the Art, reflects the sacredness of the place; for Masonry is a religious institution. Three cunningly carved chairs on a dais, the middle one of which, ornamented with two columnar supporters, is for the grand master — three canopies with masonic designs hanging over them, above which the rising sun is delineated on the ceiling; Ionic, Doric and Corinthian pillars of a perfect order before the stations of the three first officers in the east, west, and south; the picture of the meridian sun, and the setting sun above the seats of the grand wardens; the marble statues of Faith, Hope, Charity and Wisdom, placed on pedestals in niches at the four corners of the room, a gift of Gen. William Sutton, past S. G. W.; the four columns in the west serving as

an ornament to the hall and a screen before the organ ; a representation of Tacita, Goddess of Silence, an emblem worthy of a conspicuous place in the halls of congress ; four portraits in panels above the niches, viz. : of Washington, Warren, Lafayette and Franklin ; four pictured seals, particularly that of Lord Viscount Montague, Grand Master of England, from whom, in 1733, this Grand Lodge derived its charter to Henry Price its first G. M.,—all these are among the ornaments, emblems and memorials, thus briefly grouped together in this outline of Corinthian Hall, where more than two hundred lodges are represented in the sessions as a masonic legislature.

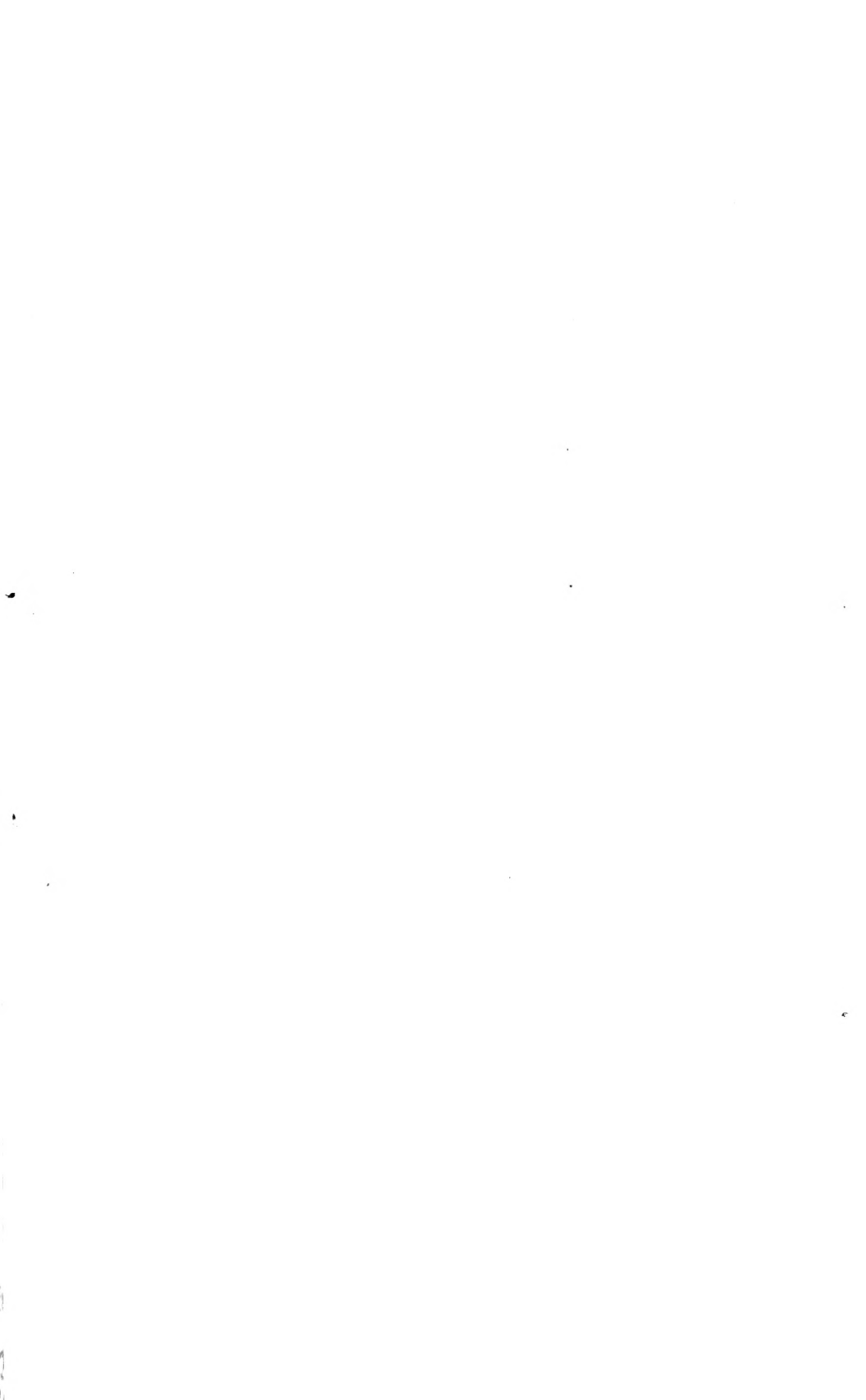
The Egyptian Hall, which with the Gothic above it is of similar dimensions with the Corinthian, is in the third story. It is a picturesque piece of architecture, and allures the eye by its novelty and elaborate finish, with massy columns surmounted by bell-shaped capitals on which are sculptured the palm-leaf, the lotos, and faces of Isis. The ceiling is blue, sparkling with golden stars ; from the centre of which hangs a large chandelier of forty lights. Sculptures of various objects, and emblems in the Egyptian style predominate ; and two pillars in the east adorn the sides of the throne of the high priest, on which are inscribed some hieroglyphics, which, since the wonderful discovery of a key by Champollion, are found to be the letters used by the ancient priesthood of Egypt. A translation of this inscription accompanies them. The words are written in perpendicular lines,—such was the ancient Egyptian, and is the Chinese mode of writing. The inscription on these pillars is a copy from one on the obelisk of Luxor now standing in the Place de la Concord in Paris. The furniture and fittings of this hall are in character with the rest.

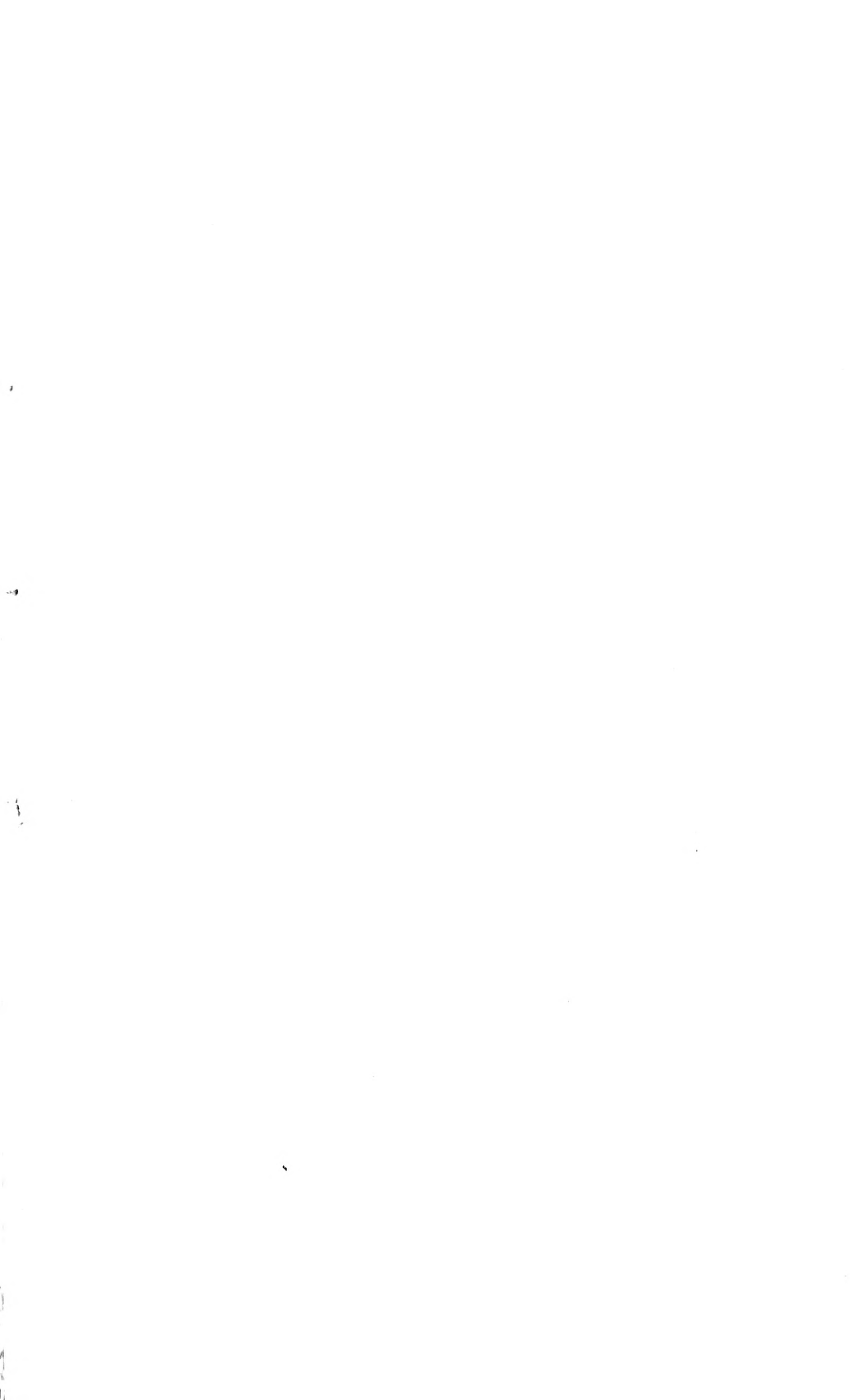
A bird's eye glance must suffice to look at the halls of the three commanderies—the Boston, De Molay and St. Bernard in the fourth story ; the two last of which are ornate with chivalric emblems and rich furniture. But the GOTHIC HALL, with its arched ceiling, foliated bosses, deep mouldings and columns ; its panels portraying the escutcheons of knighthood ; its pictorial banners representing knights on horse-back or the cross of Palestine ; and the gallant form of the last commander of the Knights Templars, Jaques de Molay, on a conspicuous panel, must awaken sublime emotions in the bosom of the beholder, who is familiar with the history of the crusades, which, Hume says, “shook all Europe to its foundations.”

The BANQUET HALL only remains to be noticed. It occupies the fifth

story, is well arranged and furnished for the accommodations of those crowded festal gatherings consecrated to the two holy St. Johns.

Had space allowed, it would have been gratifying to have recurred to those, who gave their time, talents or credit to this great work ; but their names are written not only on the records, but on the hearts of the brethren. Already we see, in Corinthian Hall, the marble busts of Charles W. Moore and William Sutton ; and on the walls are hung the portraits of past Grand Masters, Winslow Lewis, John T. Heard, William Parkman and Charles C. Dane ; also of past D. G. M. Marshall P. Wilder.





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